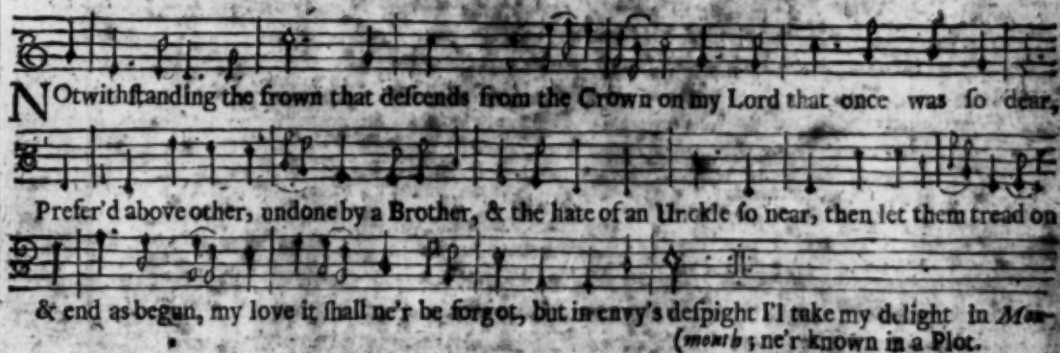


(797)

# The ROSE of Delight,

Or, An excellent new Song in the praise of His GRACE  
James D. of Monmouth:

*My Female Wishes may they never end,  
For I Great Monmouth still will be thy friend.*  
*While I retain my poor immortal soul,  
I'll Joy with thee, and wanting thee console.*  
*Tune of, No, no 'tis in vain to sigh and complain,*



Notwithstanding the frown that descends from the Crown on my Lord that once was so dear,  
Prefer'd above other, undone by a Brother, & the hate of an Uncle so near, then let them tread on  
& end as begun, my love it shall ne'r be forgot, but in envy's despite I'll take my delight in Mon-  
(mouth; ne'r known in a Plot.

Of great places at Court,  
Turn'd him out, as a sport,  
Pretending that he soar'd too high,  
Or fearing he might  
At last claim a Right  
And become a great Beam in their Eye;  
'Cause the *Mobile* ran  
And admired each man,  
Yea, Welcom'd him with a glad Heart,  
But who can do less  
For whom God doth bless,  
since *Monmouth* we know thy desert.

These monsters of *Rome*  
They first hatch'd his Doom,  
Because that he stood in their way,  
And stop'd their Carriere,  
When their Plots did appear,  
To make our Religion their Prey:  
Now each Famous Lord,  
As much is abhor'd  
And term'd as great monsters as he  
By that *Tory* Crew,  
Who hath nothing to do  
But scandal brave *Monmouth's* degree.

May they *Shimei* like  
In Curling delight,  
Till the Fall on their own Heads rebound,  
And he like the Palm  
Suppress'd, firmer stand,  
And the more shall be blest with Renown,

For who can he be  
That's so happy as he,  
That smilingly so can forgive,  
The dangers of late,  
suppos'd from the State,  
Brave *Monmouth* be happy, and live!

For the Heavens may grow clear,  
And great *Charles* may appear  
With the smiles of a King as before,  
As he promis'd to me,  
He ever would be,  
And he my great *Monmouth* restore  
To his Places of State,  
That he may be great,  
And his Enemies unmask'd may be,  
Who endeavour'd to bring  
Him in frowns with the King:  
Brave *Monmouth* I love *Charles* and thee!

May thy Royal Father  
Sway the Scepter for ever,  
And flourishing Govern this Land,  
May the *Turk* and the *Athiest*,  
*Presbyterian* and *Papist*  
Turn one, and in Unity stand,  
Then shall be firm Peace,  
And our Jar's they shall cease,  
In Church, Government when we agree,  
And in the mean time,  
may the Crown keep the line;  
Brave *Monmouth* we happier shall be.

Printed for J. Conyers at the black raven in Duck-lane